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VOL. IV.—No. 166. MANCHESTER, Saturday, OCTOBER 14th. PRICE ONE PENNY.

BY APPOINTMENT.

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A VEXED QUESTION:

SCENERY v. SENSE.

UPON few points connected with dramatic art and dramatic representation has there been more disputation than on that which Mr. Calvert raises in the preface to his arrangement of Shakspere's *Merchant of Venice*. He therein lays it down as an axiom that "correctness and completeness of illustration is the office and function of the theatre;" and, moreover, hazards the statement that, if this be not attained, the theatre has no function nor office, nor title to recognition. Now, setting aside all quibbling at the want of grammatical construction in Mr. Calvert's sentences, let us endeavour to learn what it is he means, and then see if his deduction be a right one. Careful reading induces us to arrive at the conclusion that, in Mr. Calvert's opinion, Shakspere was not a descriptive poet, that his dramas are failures from this defect, and that, to make them acceptable to a modern British public, the "contributions of the first scenic artists of the day," and "the taste and pencil of Mr. Alfred Thompson" are needed. This is doubtlessly Mr. Calvert's experience of the said B. P. and its wisdom. In our ignorance we had come to the conclusion that, taking him for all in all, Shakspere knew very well what he was about, both as a playwright, a manager, and an actor: and we contend that, had he felt himself so weak as to need adventitious aid, he too could have called in the scene-painter and the costumier in his day.

Theatrical managers are too apt to think that the only new thing under the sun is their own scenery: but, in the infancy, as now, in the decline of the poetic drama, scenery and stage trickery was of much consideration. Vitruvius and Pollux describe many machines for Greek and Roman theatres, which served as traps and slides do now. Even the thunder, rain, and hail machines, had their prototypes on or under the Greek stage: and we have no doubt but that if Greek apothecaries had had shop windows filled with those mysterious red, green, and blue globes in which ours delight, their stage in its early days, would have gone in for red and green blazes, as does ours now. The one must have suggested the other, and both are meaningless. As for scenery, the Greeks had three stock scenes much as we have. There was the wood or forest scene, for pastoral episodes; the street scene, for comedies; and a temple, or portico scene, for tragedy. These they shifted easily, inasmuch as they were arranged on a triangular plan, and hung on centres forming two revolving prisms. One push towards the centre, away went the wood and on came the street; one push from the centre, and the temple was set. Couldn't some ingenious mechanic—if such a thing exists now-a-days in this age of strikes and conceit—couldn't such an one re-invent this plan, and ease our patience and our ears. If he does, may he succeed and be grateful, and not forget the *Sphinx*. Roman dramatic representation, more lavish and less artistic than the Greek, went in heavily for gorgeous and immodest plays, and classic dramatic art died from poverty of wit and prodigality of properties.

In mediæval times the Mystery Plays were well furnished with stage appliances. Angels came down and devils came up. Even real asses, quadrupedal as well as bipedal, appeared on the stage. Gauze clouds, half hid and half revealed, a stage heaven, and hell's mouth was exhibited hot and strong. Sensationalism and coarse vulgarity were as much in vogue then as now, and the Miracle Plays gave vent to this feeling. Far more refined and far more gorgeous were the Masques which followed these, and the property master of to-day would gloat over some of the old records of expenses. The costumes alone for the *Princes' Masque*, played before King James in 1610, cost upwards of £1,000 of the money of that day, which might be set down at about £7,000 of our own: and we read in the old chronicles of "lanthorns full of ladies," "mounts which opened, and there came forth knights above a score," fireworks, water-works, painted castles, chapels, and all sorts of wonderful scenery.

Now with all these Shakspere and the dramatists of his day were well acquainted, but they looked upon such things as puerile, unworthy of dramatic art. Ben Jonson was the author of many masques, but he kept his scenery for revels and his better things for the stage, and sought by appealing to the higher feelings of the mind, to get rid of dull materialism. The actors then did not need the repressive effect of scenery to keep them in their place. Now-a-days even that will hardly do it. The modern manager is too literal. Real gondolas are doubtlessly very interesting, but they are by no means valuable, adjuncts to Shakspere; and if this literalism is to be carried out to its bitter end, Mr. Calvert's occupation's gone as Shylock—he must give us a real Jew. For Shakspere the idea was sufficient. See how, by his words, he paints the Camp of Agincourt at night in his *Henry V.* What visual imitation can call up one-half the ideas that those thirty lines elaborate? With all the resources of his day he could have had a tented field and half an army, had he willed it. One speaker and thirty lines serves his purpose better. When realism was wanted in those days they had it in abundance, and the sums lavished by Leicester and others in their masques show that neither the means nor the materials were lacking if the dramatists had needed them. It was only such actors as Snout, Bottom, and Starveling, who insisted on "some loam, some plaster, some roughcast" for their wall. They went in for realism and Shakspere gave it them, and at the same time an ass's head—a fitting adjunct, and one which marked his sense of these things. To him stage realism and such like ornament was

> But the guiled shore
> To a most dangerous sea—the seeming truth
> Which cunning time puts on to trap the wisest.

Therefore he would none of it. Yet even now "the world is still deceived with ornament." The extravagant excess of painting the lily and gilding the refined gold is as prevalent now as in the time he wrote, but with this difference—that now this vice is most patent on that stage which he kept undefiled, and it is indeed a bad sign when the philosopher, the poet, and sage must needs wear bells and motley or go unheeded.

For the propagation of this vice we hold Mr. Calvert censurable. It is true the public will have these things, and Mr. Calvert exists because he will supply them, but let him not take Shakspere as the vehicle. Why not revive some of the old masques? Let these exhaust the powers of the "scenic artists" and Mr. Alfred Thompson, and then, as a relief, let us have solid, good, and well-studied acting, and let Mr. Calvert hold the mirror up to nature without a bit of paint. We readily acknowledge the trouble, the pluck, and the intelligence Mr. Calvert has shown in doing what he has done; but, at the same time, we venture to think that it is misapplied, and we feel sure that Mr. Calvert the actor must have often quarrelled with Mr. Calvert the manager on this very point.

Even judged by the very standard set up as the rallying point of its defence, this attempt fails, for beautiful as is the scenery and gorgeous as is the apparel, "correctness and completeness" are not there, and did we chose to be hypercritical we could point out many anachronisms in both. The real object of this splendid fooling is not that given in the preface. The true purport of it is, by pandering to the vicious love for spectacles which, unfortunately, now prevails, to draw crowded houses, and when the manager wrote his preface, the actor must have muttered *sotto voce*, lest the other him should hear—

Excuse came prologue, and apology too prompt.

A MUSLIN BOTANIST.

MR. RUSKIN has recorded somewhere his motive for inventing titles to his writings which puzzle the brains of the majority of his readers. If we remember rightly, the author of *Sesame and Lilies* is designedly oracular, in order that his admirers may be induced to think as well as read. He is far from being the only writer who has made use of this idea of strange titles, but perhaps the only one who has been actuated by a purpose so full of independence. His imitators and forerunners have had other ends in view. Literature, like all other wares, is compelled to advertise itself, if it would have a sale. It is compelled also to adopt all manner of ingenious devices in order to attract public attention. It has to tickle, if not the vicious, at least the vulgar, appetites of men. Alas! it must appeal to that most feminine of human passions, curiosity. It must placard the walls for a few weeks with the melancholy sigh, "Poor Miss Finch!" and then, when everybody is exclaiming, "Who the Dickens—or the Collins—is Miss Finch?" explain itself in a supplementary notice. In a mild way we have fallen in with the necessity of the time in choosing a heading for this article. We are not going to indulge in any sly sarcasm at the expense of our field-naturalising friends. We don't mean by our selection anything about botanical courtship. Our muslin botanist is a man, not a woman. In a few words, he is a buyer of artificial flowers, in a Manchester home-trade warehouse.

There are people who are always under the impression that everybody is in the wrong place, or, to use their favourite expression, that "the world is upside down." We entertained the idea ourselves at an early period of our existence; but as Time passed on, carrying experiences with him, we were astonished to find how many men seemed to be in precisely the right positions. If it is necessary that the vocation which the botanist of whom we write follows should be the vocation of a man, no other man but he, or such as he, could be so exactly suited to it. In physique even he is of the proper size; indeed he might have been grown on purpose. Small in stature, with small feet and proportionate limbs, he is a natty little man, peculiarly adapted for all those beautiful motions and winning graces which the exercise of his daily duties requires. In walking through the streets his steps are small and dainty as a dancing master's. And what is true of his lower extremities is also true of his upper. His arms can twist and bend into the most fascinating curves, and his fingers are gifted with a microscopical nimbleness. Nor is his face wanting in corresponding powers. The muscles relax or contract with vivacious playfulness. At will he changes a look of insinuating jocularity for one of deprecatory gravity, while the eyes, which before twinkled with a consciousness of their owner's wit, now say plainly, "Won't you?" His persuasive smile reveals a row of ivories of exquisite regularity, while his tongue can glide glibly from quick utterances of sprightly eloquence to sentences of more measured "sweetness, long drawn out," as occasion requires. He is a very flower of a man, a "pink of perfection."

To see our botanist in his glory, in the full exercise of his powers, he should be watched when "selling a parcel." Some ten or fifteen years ago, it occurred to several Manchester warehousemen that they might as well save the north of England drapers the trouble of going to London and elsewhere for "fancy" goods, and put additional profits into their own pockets. They, therefore, opened "fancy" departments, as adjuncts to those in which grey and white calicoes, fustians, and prints were sold; and, at the present time, the "fancy" trade of Manchester is almost as famous as is the conventional "heavy." The "buyers," or heads of these new departments, have, as a general rule, received their training in retail houses, thus becoming well qualified for their two-fold duties. For the "buyer" not only buys the goods with which his wareroom is stocked, but also officiates as chief salesman. The fact that our botanist's customers are, to a large extent, of the fair sex, combined with his early training behind the counter, has, doubtless, contributed in a great measure to the development of those charms of manner which we see exhibited in him to such a high degree when engaged in the occupation of selling his vegetables. Besides a variety of movements and little additional flourishes which baffle description, and which should be seen to be appreciated, he has a series of "positions," in the practice of which, time and natural genius have perfected him. The first of these is when, the body inclined slightly forward, the hands slowly indulging in the dry-washing process, and a benignant smile gathering round the lips, he listens to catch the faintest wish which may fall from the lips of his customer. The second is when, the heels placed together and the toes wide apart, the right hand holding between the thumb and fore-finger the stalk of a bunch of flowers, and the left hand gently stroking the backs of the tips of the same, he dilates upon its attractiveness. The third is when, side by side with his customer, the right arm is extended and wrist slightly turned inwards, the hand holding the same bunch and the face expressive of beaming admiration. And the fourth is, when he bends to place the theme of his eloquence tenderly in the "skip" or basket, placed ready by his satellite for the reception of the goods sold. In these "positions," our botanist is unrivalled.

A large proportion of the productions which our botanist offers for sale are made in Manchester. He holds a levee every morning, when gentlemen accompanied by large green boxes, or small youths carrying a dark pile like a small chest of drawers, which is taken to pieces after the manner of a patent steam-cooking apparatus, wait upon him, and receive his instructions. Occasionally, he goes to London or to Paris, which are the two great gardens whence he brings his choicest bouquets. The production of flowers in Paris is something enormous. A visit to it is one of the events of our botanist's life. He returns more sprightly than ever, a flavour of egotism and self-importance being infused into him, if we may judge from the fact, that, for some weeks afterwards, his most frequent reply to all observations addressed to him is an editorial "we, we."

The art of making flowers has apparently been brought to such a state of perfection that, at some of the international exhibitions, the beauty of the manufactured article is said to have been so great as almost to have put the real thing to the blush. Indeed the admirers of the art claim for it even a scientific use, and declare that inquirers may study the vegetable kingdom, by means of artificial "specimens," and lecturers expound the principles of plant life, by the aid of muslin flowers. Our botanist, however, out-natures Nature in the variety of flowers which he offers to an artistic public. He has frosted representations of flowers which never feel the wintry breath, thus combining, as it were, the hues of summer with the brilliance of winter. He sells flowers of a shape which Nature never discovered, and tinted with colours which Nature couldn't paint. He even sells *black* flowers to adorn the head of Sorrow, and make the weeping maiden interesting. Whether our muslin botanist fulfils a duty to his fellows, and is, in his way, a useful man and a contributor to the economy of existence, is a problem too abstruse for us to attempt to solve. We suppose women must be arrayed in finery. After all, men don't seem to care to see their feminine friends in primitive costumes. "A simple maiden in her flower,"—by which, of course, the poet intended no allusion to artificial flowers—does not appear to be a general favourite. Men prefer to be seen in the company of

"fine girls," and in order that young ladies may be "fine girls" we must have them chignoned, be-hooped, be-laced, and tricked out in an alarming variety of ways. But young ladies, and elderly ladies also, should consider health. Tight-lacing, high-heeled boots, and Alexandra limps are not the only evils which prey upon the female race. Now-a-days it is beginning to be accepted as a divine ordination that women should suffer from debility. Many a headache might be traced to the suspicious colours which adorn the sickly brow of the languid fair one.

SHORTHAND.

BEYOND the bare knowledge that there is such a thing as Shorthand, it is much to be doubted whether one in a hundred of the multitude to whom a daily paper is as necessary as daily food, knows anything whatever of the beautiful system by means of which the speech of to-night appears verbatim in print the next morning. To the general public Reporters are a mysterious set of men greatly to be feared and much to be propitiated on account of the possession of magic-pointed styles, whose faculty it is to catch the words of the speakers in mid-air and transforming them into hieroglyphics, thus making them portable commodities which can be transmitted to the printing office, and then re-devoloped into their original length and fulness. For the benefit of the ignorant we will unpack Pandora's box, and show how simple and how beautiful are the laws and details of the science of Shorthand.

Shorthand is an old art. Hierolyphics are the oldest examples. Some may dispute this assertion, but whilst declining to argue the point we maintain its soundness, and at once step into less debatable ground by calling attention to the contractions used by the ancient Greeks, who certainly made free use of abbreviations, and also invented a method of arbitrary signs or marks. However, the Greeks never appear to have progressed far enough to have been able to report. The Romans contrived to so far perfect the rudiments taught them by their Grecian subjects as to be able to take down speeches. To the Poet Ennius is due this systematising the art though the eleven hundred arbitrary marks he invented must have sorely tried the patience of the shorthand writers—*notarii*—of those days. Some would give Cicero the honour, but it is far more likely, that that great orator encouraged the study of shorthand, and availed himself of its advantages, than that he himself was an inventor. It is most certain that Cato's notable and noble speech on the Catalinian conspiracy was taken down by shorthand writers whom Cicero—the then consul—placed in the Senate House for that purpose. During the later Empire stenography became a fashionable employment, and was taught (as it ought to be now) in all the public schools as a necessary accomplishment. The Emperors Augustus and Titus Vespasian practised it. Vespasian was a regular adept. Horace sung in its praise; Ovid notices its advantages as to secresy; and Martial wrote epigrams on its utility. With the Roman Empire the art declined and almost died out, though the Saxons practised it a little, but until the end of the 16th century it was not carried beyond mere abbreviation. In 1588, Timothy Bright, M.D., published a book on *Characterie; or the Art of Short, Swift, and Secret Writing by Character*, and three years later Mr. Peter Bale brought out his *Writing Schoolmaster*, containing rules to write as fast as a man can speak. In 1602 the first stenographic alphabet was published, and between that date and 1766 some forty-nine works were published.

In 1767, the system of our Manchester worthy, Dr. John Byrom, was published, and with it, shorthand entered on a new era. Our modern shorthand owes all it can owe, to Dr. Byrom, whose system is, and must be, the foundation of all future systems of shorthand. To discuss either Byrom's system, or the many improvements and varieties of his system which have since been published, is a task beyond our province. Between the publication of Byrom's book and 1819, at least forty modifications were given to the world. In 1819, William Gawtress, the editor of the *Leeds Intelligencer*, printed his modification of Byrom, and this has remained, practically, the shorthand of the day. It consists of an Alphabet, the elements of which, are four straight lines, the same lines curved, and both these looped: thus, we have straight lines, curved lines, and looped lines, four in each set, but, by being placed in different positions, capable of forming twenty-four different symbols. The straight line can be placed horizontally, perpendicularly, obliquely, acutely. The curve or semicircle, horizontally curve up and curve down, perpendicularly curve to right and left, and so with the oblique and acute positions. The ends of all lines and curves looped and arranged as above, will make up the twenty-four positions, and then, dots, simple and elongated, represent the vowels. In the alphabet, all superfluous letters are discarded, and the symbols thus spared are given to ch, sh, and th. Then, in writing, the words are spelt as pronounced, which is another great gain. No consonants are doubled unless a vowel comes between them, and as g is always followed by w one sign represents both.

It will at once be seen by even an ordinary intelligence that a system of writing which can safely ignore several letters in the alphabet, and which, instead of our complexly shaped letters, requires only straight lines and plain curves, at the very most with end looped, must be an immense gain. When to this is added phonographic spelling, and the further elision of one-third the letters in each word, the sense of the rapidity of the system is increased.

In these later days the archpriest of shorthand is, of course, Mr. Isaac Pitman, who keeps working away at it like a slave. Mr. Pitman has been accused of too much emendation, but he claims to work for all time, and not for any particular age. The inconvenience his pupils are put to through frequent change is nothing to him, as he does not work for them. Mr. Pitman's ambition is a worthy one, but almost unattainable; and when—long distant be the day—he is gone, another will rise up to recast his beautiful work.

It is curious that, like all other sciences, shorthand, in years gone by, was looked upon as one of the occult sciences, and to this it is owing that we have so few specimens of ancient work handed down to us. All parchments bearing shorthand characters were, as a rule, consigned to the flames as necromantic and devilish. It is well for us that Dr. Byrom, Mr. Wm. Gawtress, and Mr. Pitman did not live in the dark ages. As it is, they individually and collectively exclaim with Horace—"*Exegi monumentum ære perennit.*"

THE NEW EXCHANGE.

SINCE our last issue, in which we devoted some space to the consideration of the New and Old Exchanges, some important alterations have occurred in the internal arrangement and management of the new building. In the first place, owing to the unfortunate death of the workman who fell from the temporary ceiling to the floor beneath, and only escaped falling on the heads of several subscribers by a few inches; the architects have withdrawn the whole of the workmen from under the dome, during the day time. This has been an immense relief to the subscribers, and the consequence has been that instead of crowding themselves into one section of the room where there was no danger, they have dispersed themselves much more freely, and on Tuesday last when the attendance was very large, there was no inconvenient crowding.

So far, the iron-merchants and machine-makers who contended with the manufacturers and cloth-sellers for the Market-street side, close to the street, appear to have had the best of the battle. Up to Tuesday morning, some fifty manufacturers and their representatives, signed a treaty, and retreated to the Bank-street side of the room which had previously been deserted. The middle of the room was also well filled, and when the temporary ceiling is removed and a good light is obtained, we have no doubt that this will be the fa-

vourite resort of the large merchants, and the numerous young swells who used to congregate in that quarter in the old building. The nose-flatteners are in a very disconsolate condition. They wander up to the windows from the mere force of habit, but finding they can see nothing out of them, immediately come away disgusted. The forest of timber composing the scaffolding has been utilized by having letters and numbers attached to the pillars or poles, for the convenience of subscribers who wish to appropriate any particular spot. The yarn agents still maintain their position in their entrenched camp by the arches on the Market-street side, and are not likely to be interfered with. A considerable force, however, has joined General Hanmer, and taken up its position near to the quarters of that gallant officer.

Some advertisements in the newspapers have attracted our notice. For instance, Messrs. W. and G. Skelton, oil and tallow merchants, announce that "Friends who may wish to see them on business on market days will find them at Pillar A1, at two o'clock, on the left-hand entrance." This is appropriate. Messrs. W. and G. Skelton are a respectable firm, and they conceived the happy thought of establishing themselves at number A one. Following this advertisement comes another, which looks like a hoax:—"Pillar XX, New Exchange.—S. Smith and Co., of Stockport, will attend every Tuesday and Friday, to receive orders for their celebrated white Leicester ram tallow, and double-refined Durham ox fat, warranted free from acid, having been refined by their patent carbonated soda process, which corrects all acidity." We say this looks like a joke, for there is no pillar XX in the room, at least we have not been able to find any so far down in the alphabet. When the room is finished there will be fine scope for ingenuity in the selection of the hieroglyphics and numerals to indicate subscribers' stations. XX should undoubtedly be appropriated to a dealer in malt liquor. OO is suggestive of owing, and we should prefer to avoid it. Then, again, are we to infer from PP and QQ that we are to mind our P's and Q's, and give them a wide berth? XL would be a good station for any one who excels in spinning a choice yarn. Mr. Hugh Mason, for instance, might take up his quarters there when he goes on 'Change, which is but seldom, and possibly accounts for his extreme optimist views on the cotton trade of Lancashire. IOU would be a very ominous title for a subscriber's *habitat*, while LSD would look substantial, and might suit a banker. With the exception of Mr. Penfold, from Brooks's, bankers seldom appear on 'Change. In fact, when they do appear, they are looked upon as *ominous* stormy petrels, indicating a coming monetary storm. We never see Mr. Oliver Heywood appear on the boards without an involuntary shudder. We mean nothing disrespectful towards that most estimable gentleman; but the years 1847, 1857, and 1866 are not yet wholly obliterated from our memory. Therefore, gentlemen, when you observe a flock of bankers appearing above the horizon of the Rialto, we recommend you to overhaul your passbooks as soon as possible.

The directors of the Exchange have just issued an important notice. It is this:—"In future the Exchange will be open for the use of the subscribers from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M., except on Saturdays, when it will remain open from 8 A.M. to 3 P.M. On Sundays the Exchange will be closed." We cannot at all approve of this alteration, which is entirely opposed to the convenience of the subscribers. The Exchange used at one time to be open until eight o'clock, and was only recently closed at seven. Why the subscribers should be turned out at six we are at a loss to know. If it is to enable the workmen to commence working under the dome at that hour there might be some excuse for it, but the notice hints at nothing of the kind. Many subscribers who may have gone to Liverpool and other places, and have not returned before six o'clock, have been in the habit of going on 'Change at or after that hour to hear and see what has been going on, and to look at the papers, before writing their letters; but this small privilege, it seems, is to be denied them for the future. Then why shut so early as three o'clock on Saturdays, when the weekly newspapers are only just laid upon the tables? The room is to be closed entirely on Sundays. Hitherto it has been open from half-past twelve until three. It may be said that it was used only by a few. Perhaps so, generally speaking, but in times of panic and commercial crises, or in troublous times, such as when the American War was raging, or during the late Continental struggle, the room was largely attended on Sundays. Numbers of gentlemen looked in on their way from church, and, having read the telegrams, went home and dined in peace with their families. The Exchange closed on Sundays! Why, it is enough to make the late Jeremiah Garnett, who never missed going there on that day, turn in his grave!

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE STATE OF THINGS AT THE CATHEDRAL.

As we know that the Bishop of Manchester, like the good and sensible man he is, reads his *Sphinx* regularly, we trust we may use this opportunity of calling his attention to the deplorable state of things at the Cathedral. The Dean is incapable of attending to his office—will probably not do any more work in this world. The Senior Canon is reported to be *in consimili casu*, and his voice will not again be heard, dealing out his rounded periods in sonorous or any other tones. The Second Canon has resigned, and his stall remains empty. Canon Gibson seems the only one to be depended upon. As to Canon Woodard, his heart is in his middle-class schools in the South. He has no sympathy with the North, and the North seems to return the compliment heartily. So that we come upon what Canon Richson calls the inferior clergy—the Minor Canons and Clerk in Orders. The junior, who is the senior, is little more than an official professor of music—a piece of Cathedral machinery, scarcely useful, and by no means ornamental. Mr. Elvy's steady devotion, and his cheerfully-given hard work, can do much, but not all; and we have only honest Goodman Dull besides. The Deputy Parish Clerk is a gem; long practice has shaped his life into the expression of saying "Four and sixpence." He sits at the receipt of custom, and will quit it for no call save one, when it will be for another to say over him, A—men. The Bishop of London appoints, monthly, various clergy of his diocese to preach each Sunday morning in St. Paul's, leaving the afternoons to the officials. Might not the same be done here? The educated intellect of Manchester would be sure to be attracted by the vigour of a Whitelegge, the pathetic grace of a Woodhouse, the rare eloquence and exegetical knowledge of an O'Connor, and the calm philosophical Christianity of a Waldegrave Brewster. There is, also, a mine of preaching wealth in the hard-working, unbeneficed clergy, yet unexplored, which would yield rich ore. We feel sure, if this were done, the Cathedral might again take its place as the Mother Church of Manchester.

BARON ROTHSCHILD.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." It seems superfluous, at this time of day, to talk of a Rothschild and good fortune in the same breath. Success and Rothschild have long been synonymous terms, so far as regards pecuniary matters and worldly fame. The worthy Baron Meyer de Rothschild, however, who keeps a pack of hounds in the Vale of Aylesbury, who has had a large stud of racehorses for many years, and is a true British sportsman, has up to the present year only met with moderate success on the turf, considering the number of horses

he has had in training. This year, however, his success has been unprecedented, and he has carried everything before him. Moreover, he has accomplished this with horses of his own breeding. Owners of racehorses aspire to win a Derby or St. Leger, and their ambition is supposed to be satisfied when they accomplish that object; but when they succeed in gaining those prizes with animals of their own breeding, they have reached the very topmost rung of the racing ladder. Now, what has Baron Rochschild accomplished this year? First, he wins the One Thousand Guineas with Hannah; then he brings out another horse, Favonius, and carries off the Derby; and in the same week wins the Oaks with Hannah. With Hannah, too, he won the St. Leger at Doncaster. One would have thought that this was enough, but his success culminated this week, by his carrying off the great autumn handicap, the Cesarewitch Stakes, with another three-year-old filly, Corisande, who carried 7st. 12lbs., and gave away heaps of weight to horses of all ages. All these horses are of Baron Rothschild's own breeding. Hannah, by his stallion, King Tom—Mentmore Lass, and Corisande by King Tom—May Bloom, are consequently half sisters. Favonius is nearly related to the two fillies, being a grandson of King Tom on the dam's side. The tipsters have had a poor time of it, among others the *Prophetic Bell*, "the only reliable prophet." On Saturday, the *Prophetic* "discarded" Anton, but on Tuesday he said, "The winner will spring from either Cardinal York or Anton, while Cedric the Saxon will run into a place." Well, Corisande beat Cardinal York with the greatest ease, while neither Anton nor Cedric the Saxon were in the first *nine*. The *Prophetic* consoles himself that Cardinal York, whom he "spotted" when the handicap first came out, ran second. He prudently says nothing about the other horses which recommended.

HAZARD TO LIFE AND LIMB: A HINT TO THE WATCH COMMITTEE AND POLICE.

Amongst existing nuisances in the public streets, one of the most dangerous is that of throwing goods from the upper storeys of warehouse windows. The fatal consequences of this practice to a foot passenger some time ago, resulted in a prohibitory mandate from Sir Joseph Heron, which for awhile had the desired effect. We note, however, that there is a disposition to renew the evil. Amongst other cases we have several times of late, seen goods thus discharged in a public thoroughfare, and from a warehouse occupied by a member of the bench of magistrates.

GRATIANO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—I find that your "theatrical critic" flatters his "infallibility" that I have (in deference to *his* great discernment and profound knowledge of my art) altered my representation of the part of Gratiano. Not one jot!

> Rather than so,
> Come, Fate, into the lists and champion me
> To the outrance. SHAKESPERE.

I play the part precisely as I played it at first, and no such puerile observations (criticism I cannot call it) would induce me to alter my conceived and studied idea of the character. Pray present my compliment to your T.C., and tell him (as he talks so much about the functions of a critic) when he is *able* to write a sensible and judicious critique, I shall only be too happy to read it, and praise him for it. At the same time, *gently* hint to him that he may as well attend to the grammatical construction of his sentences in his next effort.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, H. VANDENHOFF.

P.S.—*Of course* I do not expect you will insert this note. That would be *too much* justice at your hands.

[The italics and marks of quotation in the foregoing note are the writer's own. We wonder Mr. Vandenhoff should waste so much good passion on our puerile observations.—EDITOR.]

A CLERGYMAN'S TENDER MERCIES.

The Rev. James Fuge, vicar of Peover, near Knutsford, was recently charged before the Knutsford magistrates with "cruelly ill-treating, abusing, and torturing" a mare and a pony, which had strayed into a field of oats belonging to this clergyman, by first impounding them and then neglecting to supply them with sufficient food. The case is a conspicuous instance of either magisterial inefficiency or very bad reporting: for the bench dismissed the charge, although the pony, which had been tied up in such a manner as to lame it for a week, was found quite feeble for want of food, and although the mare had positively died. Some witnesses, says the report, were called to prove that the animals had plenty of food, but it is difficult to understand how any multitude of assertions could get over that of the veterinary surgeon, who said death had been occasioned by the rupture of one of the large intestines, caused by a large quantity of gas being generated in the stomach, the animal not having had sufficient food. The bench, however, did refuse the reverend gentleman his costs, as they considered that he had behaved in a very unneighbourly manner. We wish the magistrates would treat these sickening cases in a more effectual style. Their trumpery fines and milk-and-water strictures have no effect whatever in the way of lessening the cruelty which is inflicted on dumb beasts with such revolting pertinacity.

THE THEATRE ROYAL.

THE CRITICS AND "TWIXT AXE AND CROWN."

AMONGST the many dismal features which our dull old town presents, we do not know one worthy of comparison with the front entrance of the Theatre Royal. It appears to be the object of the management of this place of supposed amusement, to deter as many people as possible from entering it. It has in front three doors, but two of them are never opened, and the only relief to the heavy classic front, presented to the street is a solitary gas-jet in the vestibule. There is no one thing that does this theatre so much harm as its niggardliness in the matter of light. It is as bad inside as out. The chandeliers are inadequate to the requirements of the building; and it is absolutely a fact, that the audience are rendered melancholy ere the curtain rises. For ourselves, we positively dread the house. It makes us unhappy. Everything wears the air of having been maliciously designed to render the audience as uncomfortable as possible. We don't know which are the least comfortable, the plush stalls upstairs, the velvet chairs behind the orchestra, or the bare pit benches. Then, that orchestra! Even as we write, its brazen howls are screeching in our ears. The one or two good instruments and instrumentalists are swamped completely by the braying brass; the general result being discord the most frightful it is possible to hear. No being in the universe can think that this brass blare is music. It is ear-splitting, and makes one's flesh creep.

The stage is no relief to this howling wilderness. The most mean meanness is conspicuous everywhere. The drama now being played is miserably put upon the stage. A great deal of the scenery is filthy. Many costumes—that is, those provided by the management—are poor in the extreme; and we have seen them, we can't count how often. Save in the chief parts, the acting is beneath contempt.

No manager but he of the Royal would ever have asked poor Mrs. Rousby to become the centre of these desolate surroundings. She never should have come to this dark vault. Its gauntness is entirely out of harmony with her fragility. How Mrs. Rousby may appear under happier auspices, we cannot say; but under these she did not seem in her right place at all. One felt she ought to have been sitting quietly at home, beside a nice warm fire, her feet upon the fender, with a very pretty baby—if so great a rarity exists—upon her lap. Her appearance is essentially domestic, and we cannot think her at all suited to heroic parts. She is as unlike one's

idea of Elizabeth as anyone can be, and we see nothing in her acting of the character to justify its being written for her. Mrs. Rousby's acting shows refinement, great intelligence, and careful training: that is all. It shows too much that careful training. One can never rid oneself of the idea that Mrs. Rousby is repeating a well-studied lesson, and is saying it very prettily indeed, and ought to get a number of good marks for being so good a girl. Her husband's acting pleased us more. He comes to us with far less reputation, but his Gardiner was excellently played. The cunning, calm old man was looked and acted well. We must attribute Mrs. Rousby's triumph to her delicate fair face, her tender figure, and her sumptuous apparel.

Mr. Tom Taylor's play is a genuine sample of mediocrity. Never very good, and never very bad, it pursues the even tenor of fair average blank verse through five acts. The orthodox effects are produced in the orthodox way, and the public applauds again what it has applauded a thousand times before. These plays of statecraft exercise a great power on an audience, and with good accessories we can understand this level composition having great success. It is, like most of Mr. Tom Taylor's writing, not a work of genius, but good substantial stuff for all that.

Mr. Walter Tennison, the Courtenay of the drama, has a strong voice and a good idea of acting, but he has to struggle with a head and a pair of legs which he has not yet learnt to dress to the best advantage. The Queen Mary of Miss Annie Ness would be much better if it were intelligible. When Miss Ness pourtrays excitement, it is quite impossible to understand her. On the rest of the performers it is only common charity to drop a veil. Poor fellows, they can't help being cast in characters they are incapable of even looking. To see lords and ladies played by the stock actors of a country company is a pitiable sight; but it is more pitiable still to find newspaper critics flattering their inefficiency, and pretending to think that the poor fellows do it very well. It is partly to the wholly unjustifiable praise awarded by a daily paper to Mr. Harry Taylor that we ascribe that gentleman's unsolicited appearance before the curtain on the night when we were present. No doubt Mr. Harry Taylor did his best, and ought not be censured, but no honest man with any judgment could assert he "admirably" filled his part. His voice alone would utterly unfit and incapacitate him for its due presentment. Another paper says, "Miss Jenny Taylor very cleverly assumes" her part, and Mr. Barsby his. This is the very mockery of criticism. Both these writers have the shamelessness to say, moreover, that the piece is excellently mounted: one says "admirably," and the other "well." Such deliberate misleading of the public and desertion of their duty, for the sake of pleasing a niggardly management and a few poor players, we could only stigmatize with words more strong than we are willing to apply to gentlemen who have an irksome office to fulfil.

From the fact that the Theatre Royal *Observer* quotes but sparingly from the opinion of the *Guardian*, we infer that an unusual discretion has been exercised by the dramatic critic of that journal. As a rule, however, it is more misleading than its fellows. We regret to notice that the ruling thought apparent in the general observations of the daily press is—how will this be taken by the management or actor, as the case may be. The point of view from which these critics look at the performances at both our theatres is the manager's and actor's point of view, and only now and then and with enormous trepidation is it from the public's. This is a disgrace. A critic ought to be as much above the weakness of praising where there is no justification for praise as above the cowardice of not censuring that which calls for censure. To commend poor actors who are cast in parts that do not suit them in the least is cruel kindness, and to praise a management that should be sharply censured is downright poltroonery. We are surprised that our daily contemporaries are able to find gentlemen who will condescend to do it.

[HOLIDAY NOTES.]

ILFRACOMBE.

A GENIAL writer once observed that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly, and, if monotany has anything to do with sadness, the remark was true. Nothing, for example, can surpass the regularity with which the Manchester man pays his annual visit to Southport, Blackpool, or, if the spirit of adventure be strong within him, the Isle of Man. One or other of these places is his Alpha and Omega; anything beyond is blank space. He may have heard of the highlands of Scotland, or the lake district, or the Giant's Causeway, or even Paris, but the idea of ever seeing such places never enters his brain. Blackpool or the Isle of Man are well enough once in a way, but they soon become dreary enough, and are only Manchester over again with salt water added. He meets there with the same faces, hears and takes part in the same conversation, drinks the same beverage—perhaps a little more of it—and, with the exception of having breathed pure air, returns to his daily occupation in pretty much the same mental condition that he left it. He does return from the Isle of Man with a fresh stock of adventure on hand, but in time even that becomes vanity, for his hearers are travellers who have gone over the same ground and can describe its dangers as well as himself. Is it possible to persuade our friend to change his route next holiday time and take say the West of England? If so he will never regret it.

We don't intend following the example of the war correspondent of a local journal by starting from London Road station and describing the journey to Bristol as he did his to Alderley Edge, for one has as much to do with Ilfracombe as the other had with the battle of Sedan. At Bristol then we take return ticket for Ilfracombe, *via* Portishead, and after a pleasant run along the magnificent banks of the Avon in due time arrive alongside the good steamer Ely. The Severn is some miles wide at this point, and, though the water is as muddy as the Thames, the view is pleasing, being broad and well set in the background by the Monmouth hills. There not being sufficient water to float us, for the next half hour we take a tour of the ship, and succeed in picking up with a companion who turned out to be a Derbyshire man settled in London. Like ourselves he was on pleasure bent, so we fraternized. The day was bright and not too cold. Keeping close to the shore we soon passed Clevedon, and later on Weston-super-Mare on our left, and Cardiff on our right; then, taking the middle of the channel we went between two small islands and had fairly entered Bridgewater Bay. By the aid of a powerful glass we had a fine view of Somerset on one side and Glamorgan on the other. It was dark before we reached Lynton, but we could just discern here and there lights on the hill side which gave us the impression that it was not the place for people to come to who are at all weak in the knee. Ilfracombe we reached at nine o'clock. After tea we sallied out, and, turning up what appeared to be the main street, walked on for a considerable distance, and were surprised to find the place so big. Our notions led us to believe that the village contained no more than four or five hundred inhabitants. There must be between two and three thousand chiefly in the fishing interest, we presume, as Cox would say. Leaving the town we turned to the right, crossed a church yard, and picking our way towards the coast shortly after struck a good road which brought us to the Ilfracombe Hotel. What watering place would be complete without its big hotel? Doesn't Brighton, Scarboro,' Southport, and others of that ilk boast of large establishments, and why should Ilfracombe be one whit behind.

But what is that Babel of sound making night hideous? Groping our way in the direction of it we almost run against two gentlemen who startle us by requesting our services in settling a difficulty that had unexpectedly arisen. The facts, it appears, were these. Reynolds' band had supplied Ilfracombe with music the whole of the season, and only that very day a band of foreigners had put in an appearance, and Reynolds—who was evidently

a trades unionist—was determined to play his opponents out of town, and we must decide which party ought to give in. Laughingly replying, we had only arrived that evening and were of course unable to settle the merits of the case; we made our way to the musicians, and certainly saw through the dim light one of the most amusing incidents it has ever been our lot to behold. There on a shelving rock that overhung the sea were the two bands, with scarce a soul near them and within an hour of midnight "pegging away," to use Abraham Lincoln's simile, with a determination which could not have been surpassed had the national debt hung on the issue. Reynold's party were slashing away at a polka, and the cornet—it was the only wind instrument in either band—certainly came out of his shell in a most extraordinary manner. He performed prodigies of noise; but it was evident from the determined manner the violins kept sawing up and down that they were not going to be "sat on" by all the cornets in the universe. The foreigners were rasping away at a waltz, the triangle making frantic efforts to compensate for the want of wind. There must have been pieces of that delightful instrument knocking about the following day. When we say that both parties were so near together that a blanket—we had almost said a wet one—would have covered the lot, the scene can be better imagined than described. They had been at it three hours when we saw them and there did not seem to be the slightest disposition on either side to give in when we left. There was some comfort, however, in the thought that a duel fought with fiddle-sticks could not end in much bloodshed, and, though the foreigners seemed to have lots of pluck, we sincerely wished, for the honour of old England, that Reynolds and his troupe would hold out the longest.

In the morning, we found that our room overlooked the harbour, which was full of fishing boats, rocking gently on the green water. It was a sight to delight an artist. The harbour has more of the character of a natural basin. It is well protected from the sea by a bold rock, and its background is a tall cliff, covered partially with foliage, and dotted with cheerful-looking houses. Then "breathes there a man with soul so dead" to beauty, as to look at a group of fishing boats with indifference? Taking the opposite direction to the night before, we soon reached the base of a steep promontory, and began the ascent. It was no easy matter, but the magnificent view when we reached the top, repaid us for the trouble. On the left Ilfracombe lay at our feet as we faced the sea, and turning inland, we had a fine valley stretching away towards Linton. It made us feel twenty years younger to see the rabbits scudding along as we dived among the blackberries. Next we entered the Tor walks—charge for admission one penny—and by a series of easy gradients were enabled to command a view that even surpassed the one we had witnessed a few hours earlier. Whichever way we turned it was a picture: one immediately below, and certainly not the least interesting, being composed of a number of mermaids taking their morning bath in a cove that nature seemed to have made for the purpose. This was the last view we had of Ilfracombe save that from the deck of the boat, for our visit was limited to a day. Brief as it was it left an ineffaceable impression upon the mind of a Manchester visitor to Ilfracombe.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE COMING WINTER.

WE are happy to see a very promising bill of fare for the entertainment of our friends during the ensuing winter evenings.

The amusements at the Royal Axe and Crown Theatre will be of the usual solid description. In consequence of the excellence of this place as a school for improvement, it is in contemplation to pay the performers for every other performance only, and the house will be open for day performances gratis. We refer to our advertising columns for further particulars. The public, however, is discerning and liberal, and the poor but struggling actor may always count upon a refuge at the establishment just above the Strangeways Fish Market.

We understand that the pantomime at the Prince's Theatre will be Harlequin Shylock, or the Merchant of Venice Preserved. There will, of course, be some change in the cast of performers now playing the original drama, but the unities will be strictly preserved. A number of mantua-makers have been brought over from Mantua to provide the costumes. The refreshments will be served in Venice glasses, and the house will be perfumed, after Rimmel's method, with Venice turpentine between the acts. Among the numerous gems of the piece we can at present only name one—a break-down by the entire *corps* of carpenters and scene-shifters. There is also a favourite farce in rehearsal, *Brown, You're Wanted.*

At Her Majesty's Theatre, Little London, the arrangements are not quite settled. The proprietors seem undecided whether to go in for the legitimate drama or the domestic or illegitimate ditto, if we may so call it. Opera has been spoken of, and equestrian performances have even been mentioned. If the latter should have the call, General Ducrot would, no doubt, leave the command of Paris at once, for an engagement here; and Mr. John Cooke and his sister would personally conduct one of Cooke's Tours round the Circus every night before the audience's delighted Gaze. Mr. Cooke seems ably to have replaced M. Gambetta in the government of Tours. While on this subject, we may remind our readers that the famous star-rider, Signor Erberto Berleio, continues his celebrated trick-act as the Courier of St. Petersburg, in which he rides three horses at once. He is no less celebrated as an acrobat, and his performance with the three chairs and the three boards must be seen to be admired. Everything he does "stands on four legs," to use a favourite simile, and is as near perfection as possible.

We are glad to find that we shall have plenty of music in Manchester this winter. But we must make the most of it, for we shall probably never hear the like again. By that time the waning gentility of the Concert Hall will perhaps have reached its last quarter, and the Cattle Market may then be removed to a more congenial neighbourhood. But we will not anticipate.

The amusements at that brilliant establishment, the Museum, are confined to the garish eye of day. At night the flint-chips and stoneware lie in a darkness as profound as the memory of their whilome possessors. Perhaps it is best so, for we confess that, even though that solemn temple were brilliantly lighted up, we should go through it like

> One who, on a lonesome road,
> Doth walk in fear and dread,
> And having once turned round, walks on,
> And turns no more his head;
> Because he knows a frightful fiend
> Doth close behind him tread.

The Free Trade Hall will resound with music twice a week for the future. Mr. De Jong's concerts have begun well, and bid fair to continue prosperously. It seems a matter of course now, and one wonders why they were not begun before by this or some other *impresario.* Since it seems an impossibility that any Englishman should have started them, we are glad to have one from the next country to undertake them; but we look upon Mr. De Jong as less than half a foreigner, as he has an Englishwoman, and a Manchestrienne, for his better half. He is a delightful player on the flute, and though he has not hitherto blown his own trumpet as effectively as Mr. Hallé has done, he is young, and may improve. We welcome the Promenade Concerts as a relief from the intolerable tyranny of the German school, which has arrogated to itself the title of classical. It might with as much or more reason call itself mathematical. At a place of assembly like this some kind of refreshment, in a separate *salon*, might surely be provided, and a stall for the Dr.'s celebrated cod-liver oil.

Mr. De Jong's concerts have started first, and therefore we name them first. Mr. Hallé's concerts are of older standing. There is no doubt that Mr. Hallé has continued the never wholly extinct love of

good music in Manchester. But there is no doubt that his concerts have of late years been crowded with music of Op. 68 style, a piece of the wild-wandering, never-ending, still-beginning sort, without either end or side, or a bit of a tune about it. It may be said that we have not an educated ear or taste. This, if true, is only true in part, and the great majority are not educated. We have no hesitation in saying that the great bulk of the people who attend these concerts and say they like this kind of music are deluding themselves or — well, romancing. But when Mr. Hallé, in the true spirit of a narrow-minded German, took upon himself to constitute himself a kind of trades-union, and say where else the gentlemen who played for him should or should not play, his intolerance became insufferable, and he was very properly left in the lurch. We might as well be told by a publican what and where we must drink, as be dictated to by the "gaffer" of a German band as to what music we shall have and where and when we shall have it. We shall follow Dr. Döllinger's example, and disclaim all decrees of the pretended infallibility of any music-pope. For our own part, we shall leave Mr. Hallé to himself and his own clique until the interdict is withdrawn, and we advise the rest of educated Manchester to do the like. It sometimes does people no harm, but rather good, to come, after a festive season, down to their cake and milk again.

The Assembly Room, as it is called, the little Hall, will shortly have a notoriety equal to that of the Temperance Hall, Grosvenor-street, for the variety and incongruousness of its tenants. Maccabe with his lively and amusing monologue or solo attracted good audiences of "good" people, but it has been as one ray of sunshine across its gloomy history. We do not remember whether the anti-contagious people have ever made it their temporary abode, which, from the associations of the neighbourhood, they might suitably have done, but it will probably be impossible to trace its career of degradation beyond the present week.

But the scenes of these several delights must change. Of the day and hour knoweth no man, save the railway magnates who have to decide. It may not be yet; but whensoe'er it be

> Light be the hand of ruin laid
> Upon the place I love—

There are not many of them, we confess, in this Fescennine quarter at present, but St. Peter's Railway Station will ere long take one side at least of Peter-street. The Concert Hall will perhaps be an elaborate temple gate *a la* Euston Square, the Museum site peopled with men for monsters, the Free Trade Hall a wilderness of platform, and the Alexandra a hissing (of locomotives) without being longer a reproach.

As to suburban amusements, we have no doubt that many a rich treat is in store. Our old friend, the Bradford Local Board, will provide entertainment in the shape of a set-to, without the gloves at each meeting. Possibly we may be indulged with more than one, on the same evening. Suitable refreshments will be provided for the reporters, and gentlemen visitors are requested to leave their sticks and bull pups at home. Truth to say, the Bradford Local Board has lately lost its old repute. It has become somewhat instructive but dull. Is there no chance of a change of programme?

The Gorton Local Board will probably be also patronized by the fancy. As soon as the extraordinary meetings at Belle Vue have ceased, it is only natural that the rich humour and native talent of the district will seek some other mode of expression, and where, we would ask, is there so suitable an outlet for it as at or against a Board?

We cannot hope to extract much amusement from Levenshulme, and should not have much to expect from Openshaw, but for the fact that it has a Wagster on the Board.

The Rusholme Board have, fortunately, provided themselves with an open question in the shape of an open drain in Victoria Park, so that when every other topic fails, as it seems often to do, they can always go into the sough question.

We do not know whether the Prestwich Guardians meet in the evening or not. If they do we can confidently recommend it to any residents in the neighbourhood. Cock-fighting is, we regret to say, abolished, and the days of bull-baiting are over, but every board is as yet entitled to wollup its own clerk, and some very nice sport may still be had here.

A very clever writer in the *Saturday Review*, suggests several modes of enjoyment under the title of Evenings at Home, and we incline, after all, to think that he was not far out who sung

> Sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS BORES.

NOW the Social Science Congress is over, it may not be amiss to seek to discover what good has resulted from its weary sittings? The *Pall Mall* has come to the conclusion that the main fault of the Social Science Association is "that it has nothing whatever to do with science," and, in saying this, it very nearly hits the mark. If the association wishes to exist as a substantial entity it must change its wire-pullers. It would be hard for the most devoted devotee of these annual congresses to point out one single step science has gained through this last Leeds meeting. On the other hand it would be comparatively easy to demonstrate that the general effect of its desultoriness must be and has been deleterious to science in general, and to social science in particular. No matter which section is taken an analysis of its agenda will prove that it was over-burdened with work, and that out of its plethora the worst and most frivolous has received the greatest amount of attention. The intrinsic character of the papers also has been of a very low order; redundancy and verbosity being the principal characteristic. Then, again, the strong-minded woman element is fast becoming more than a bore. A few years ago strong-minded womanhood was a novelty, and its inanity was forgiven on account of fun and amusement its display was supposed to afford. Now strong-minded and short-haired women are too plentiful to attract, and thus intuitive weaknesses have become insufferable.

It is not going to far to assert that two-thirds of the proceedings or transactions will not be worth the papers on which they are printed. Really a strong committee of selection ought previously to revise all the papers, rejecting such as they are of opinion were not first-class productions. At a Social Science Congress something stronger than mere platitudes and reiterations of old axioms is to be desired, whereas with few exceptions the papers were merely *réchauffés*, and in not a few instances abounded with long exploded theories. Another great fault was very prominent. In many of the sections one or two individuals managed wearily to monopolize almost all the time. In the Health section this evil was notably apparent, and one "Chadwick C. B." evidently considered himself another King Cole, and in season and out of season was prominent as a reader or discussionist. The association when it reads the voluminous contributions of this gentleman will perhaps come to the conclusion that even "C.B.'s," however eccentric their style of face and hair, are not on that account necessarily competent to monopolize valuable time and invaluable patience. Anything more commonplace or tautological than Mr. Chadwick's papers on Ventilation of Schools is constructively impossible. If the paper was bad, the *viva voce* part of the entertainment was worse—that is, viewed from a science point of view. Mr. Chadwick boasts of his voluminous contributions to Blue Books. We wish him no worse than to be condemned to spend the rest of his days in the re-perusal of his own contributions.

In brief, these congresses have developed into huge town pic-nics, in which one meets with the belles of the neighbourhood, and in which members and associates are at liberty, *ex officio*, to do any amount of flirting. Arm-in-arm studies of the species at soirees, and a dance as a finish, are possibly enjoyable, but they are not science. A more useless or more misleading monstrosity does not exist than this Social Science organization. If the newspapers would only cease to report its rambling inanities, it would soon die of inanition—the soon the better for true social science and the advantage of humanity.

KATE, run and get another packet of CLARKE'S ORIENTAL INSECT POWDER to kill the moths. It drove all Mrs. Jones cockroaches away; and you know what a many bugs and fleas we had, and how it killed them like magic. Sold by chemists' in packets, 1d., 3d., 6d., and 1s. each; wholesale, Blossom-street, Manchester.

UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

The Annual
PUBLIC MEETING
Of the Members and Friends of the Alliance will be held in the
FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER,
On Tuesday, October 17th, 1871,
When Addresses will be delivered by
SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M.P.,
GEORGE O. TREVELYAN, Esq., M.P.,
HUGH BIRLEY, Esq., M.P.,
WILLIAM SHEPHERD ALLEN, Esq., M.P.,
M. R. DALWAY, Esq., M.P.,
THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP MANNING,
REV. CANON BARBSLEY, M.A.,
REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A.,
HON. & REV. G. H. VIBBERT,
Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.,
BABU SASIPADA BANERJEE,
From India,
HENRY LEE, Esq., J.P.,
Manchester,
GEORGE LEACH ASHWORTH, Esq., J.P.,
Mayor of Rochdale,
BENJAMIN WHITWORTH, Esq., J.P.,
(Chairman of Executive)
SAMUEL POPE, Esq., Q.C.,
Recorder of Bolton (Hon. Sec.).

The Venerable Archdeacon SANDFORD, B.D., will preside.

Chair taken at Seven o'clock; doors open at Six.

Admission by Ticket: Reserved seats, One Shilling; Gallery and Body of the Hall Free; to be obtained at the Alliance Offices, and the following places:—

Manchester and Salford Temperance Union and Band of Hope Offices, Barlow's Court, 43, Market-street; Tubbs and Brook, 11, Market-street; John Boyd, 15, Piccadilly; Henry Stanley, 67, Bury New Road; F. F, and E. Owen, 155, Rochdale Road; William Pennington. 175, Oldham Road; G. A. Chambers, 10, Oldham Road, Miles Platting; Thomas Ashworth, 114, London Road; John Daniels, 52, Oxford-street; William Fletcher, 219, Oxford-street, Choriton-on-Medlock; E. Matthews, 32, Oxford-street, C.-on-M.; W. Chadwick, 103, Stretford Road; William Heys, 123, City Road; J. Faulkner, 147, Chester Road; Thomas Gibbon, 132, Chester Road; Charles Bent, 165, Chapel-street; Robert Wallace, 14, Windsor Bridge; M. Ridgway, 112, Broughton Road; William Dodd, 136, Whit Lane; Working People's Hall, John-street; T. Hallsworth, 77, Union-street, Ardwick; H. Paine, Ærated Bread Shop, Deansgate; William Holmes, 143, Broad-street, Pendleton; Charles Lowe, 17, Greengate, Salford; J. J. Howard, Grocer, &c., Stockport Road; D. Arlott, 126, Regent Road; A. Hiley, 83, Oldfield Road; Diocesan Church Temperance Society, City Buildings, Corporation-street; and at the various Temperance Halls and Hotels.

Registered Seats may be secured (1s. 6d. each) at the Alliance Offices.

*** The General Council will meet in the Assembly Room of the Free Trade Hall in the Morning, at Ten o'clock.

United Kingdom Alliance, Offices: 41, John Dalton-street, Manchester.

FREE-TRADE HALL.

MR. DE JONG'S PROMENADE CONCERTS

The THIRD CONCERT of the Season will take place on
SATURDAY, October 14, 1871.
Solo Vocalist:
Mdlle. ENRIQUEZ
(Her first appearance at these Concerts).
Solo Violoncello:
M. VAN BIENE.

By permission of the Colonel and Officers, the BAND of the 8th (the King's) Regiment will perform in conjunction with Mr. De Jong's orchestra, numbering together nearly
ONE HUNDRED PERFORMERS.
Conductor—Mr. DE JONG.

PROGRAMME—Part I.

Overture..... "Oberon" .....Weber.
Romanza.. "Deh non voler" (Anna Bolena)..Donizetti.
Waltz..... "Fruhlings böten" .....Gung'l.
Coronation March.... "Prophète" .....Meyerbeer.
(For Orchestra and Military Band.)
Ballad..... "She wore a wreath of roses".....Knight.
Grand Selection from "Il Trovatore" (Verdi) ....Jullien.
(For full Orchestra, with solos.)

Part II.

Overture..... "Le Cheval de Bronze" .....Auber.
(By the united bands.)
Song..... "Looking back" .....Sullivan.
Waltz..... "Windsor Klange".....Strauss.
Solo Violoncello, on airs from "La Fille du Regiment" ..... Servais.
Quadrille for Two Bands.. "Hit or Miss" .....Hervé.
Canzone (by desire).. "Ben e Ridicolo".....Randegger.
Grand March for Two Bands.. "Grand Duchess" ..... Hermann.

Admission: ONE SHILLING; Gallery, 2s.; Gallery Stalls, 4s.

Subscription for Twenty-five Concerts, £2. 10s.

Tickets for all parts can be had only of COWLEY-SQUIER, music seller, 24, Cross-street.

Doors open at 6 45; commence at 7 30.

PRIVATE BOXES for Mr. DE JONG'S PROMENADE CONCERTS can be had only of COWLEY-SQUIER, music-seller, 24, Cross-street. Price £1 11s. 6d., to hold eight persons; £2 2s., to hold twelve persons.

MR. DE JONG'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.

In reply to numerous applications, Mr. De Jong begs to announce that children under 13 years of age can be admitted to the Gallery and Gallery Stalls (reserved) at half price, by ticket which must be purchased beforehand of COWLEY-SQUIER, 24, Cross-street.

MR. DE JONG'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Holders of Gallery Tickets for these Concerts will be admitted at the Peter-street entrance at a quarter past six o'clock, and holders of Body Tickets at the usual entrance at the same hour. The doors will be open to the general public at a quarter to seven precisely.

FREE TRADE HALL ASSEMBLY ROOM.

MISS SUTTON respectfully announces her intention of giving, on Monday Evening, October 16, a
MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.
Vocalists—
Miss SUTTON.
Miss RUTH HARLOW.
Mr. G. BARTON (St. Helens).
Mr. E. J. BELL (Chester Cath.)
Solo Pianoforte—Mr. EDWARD HILTON.
Accompanist—Mr. SAMUEL HOLT.

Tickets, 2s., 1s., and 6d.; may be had from Messrs. Hime and Addison, Victoria-street; Mr. Henry Watson, Market Place; and at the Free Trade Hall.

Doors open at 7; commence at 7 30.

THE ALEXANDRA HALL,

PETER STREET, MANCHESTER.
Sole Lessee, ... W. S. Booth.

GREATEST COMPANY OUT OF LONDON.

THE MOST POPULAR LONDON COMIQUES.

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GEORGE LEYBOURNE,
The Lion Comique!
George Leybourne, in New Songs!
George Leybourne, Every Evening at 10 o'clock.
Last Two Nights of
FRED. COYNE!
Immense reception Nightly of "Billy Johnson's Ball."
Mr. Coyne's Benefit To-night, October 13th, when the programme will be considerably augmented.
Return of Mr. M. P. FOSTER, the most versatile humorist on the Music Hall stage.
Return of
MISS MARIE LAWSON,
The Favourite Scotch Serio-Comic.
Last night of HARRY WARD, the popular Comic Vocalist.
MISS ANNIE TRAVELLIE,
The Celebrated Operatic Vocalist (late of Harry Liston's Concerts), and other Artistes.

HEALTH! DELICACY!! ECONOMY!!!

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.

NOTICE.

[Read this with care and attention.]

THE MANUFACTORY OF MAYAR'S SEMOLINA was established in 1815. It is the oldest and the largest in the world, Twenty-five million pounds being yearly produced. (25,000,000.)

Our Semolina is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained

24 PRIZE MEDALS

in the grand exhibitions for its superiority over all others; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrowroot, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr. Hassall's Analytical Report.

N.B.—Being determined to maintain its reputation, we again CAUTION the Public that an imitation, to which a false and ridiculous name has been given, is introduced by a well-known firm, taking advantage of its name and publicity to sell a similar article of very inferior quality, to realise extra profits, and who advertise in favour of that article the qualities possessed by our Semolina.

As a proof of our assertion, we challenge a comparison by analysis between our Semolina and the so-called *Pearlina*.

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THESE PILLS are a sure specific for HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COMPLAINTS or AFFECTIONS of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, &c. They give immediate relief in cases of PERSISTENT COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and other AFFECTIONS of the LUNGS. For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c., they are invaluable; they have been in use for upwards of half a century, and thousands have testified to the benefits experienced by their use.
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COMMUNICATIONS for the EDITOR to be addressed to 217, Chapel-street, Salford.